

## PLEASURE

By Deems Taylor

LET US begin at the very beginning, on Friday night, when Phil Estep and his wife dropped in to say that they and little Elvira were going out to the beach in the car on Sunday, and wouldn't you and the Queen Consort like to come along? It was a hot night, and the words "car" and "beach" made a soothing concord of sweet sounds; so, despite the fact that you had only thirty-six hours in which to get ready, the Queen Consort said that you'd both be glad to go. Thereupon all hands began the great American sport of preparing for an outing.

We are a systematic people. We produced the card catalogue, the sectional bookcase and the efficiency expert. System is our strong point, and we know it and are proud of it. Sometimes, though, I think we overdo it a little. Take baseball. The American business man, weary of the dull grind of office work, goes to the ball park for recreation. There he buys a scorecard and spends the remainder of the afternoon keeping score by a system that is only slightly more complicated than double-entry bookkeeping. Sport? Clerical labor, if you ask me. Similarly, the average American family contemplating a day at the beach or in the country goes about preparing for the joyous occasion in somewhat the spirit of irresponsible abandon with which the German army went about the invasion of Belgium.

It is Saturday morning. Just twenty-four hours from now you will be starting, so it behooves you to get busy. The Queen Consort is already hard at it, making out a list of things to order from the grocer. She wishes you'd finish breakfast as quickly as possible, because she wants you to look for the thermos bottle, which hasn't been seen for some time and is either somewhere on the top shelf of the closet in the sewing-room or else in the small trunk in the storeroom. There was something else she wanted you to do, too—oh, yes. Be sure and buy a new duster for yourself. Hers is plenty good enough, but she simply will not be seen on the street with you if you insist on wearing your old one. You'd better get the new one on your way to the office, because the stores will probably be closed this afternoon.

## HENRY'S TROUBLES THREATEN TO SPOIL EVERYTHING.

As you leave the house Estep telephones to remind you to be sure to bring your camera and to buy some films to-day. He is just on the way to the garage to tell them to give Henry a thorough overhauling. (Henry is Estep's car.)

You don't get much done at the office this morning, because by the time you've bought the duster (surprising what they have the nerve to charge for those things) and two rolls of film it is after 11 o'clock.

At 2 o'clock, when you get back home, you find the Queen Consort and the Faithful Retainer busy making sandwiches. You are immediately conscripted and sent down to Schmidt's to get two jars of pimento cheese and half a dozen green peppers; and please hurry back, because you have to squeeze the lemons.

By 4 o'clock the lemons are squeezed and the

sandwiches have all been rolled up in a napkin and put in the icebox. At 4:10 Estep telephones again. The garage men have discovered something terrible the matter with Henry's ignition system, and it may be Tuesday before he gets out. So, unless something can be done to hurry them up, the party's off. You report to the Queen Consort, who delivers a few ill-chosen remarks upon the subject of outings, automobiles and your taste in friends.

The telephone rings again. It's Estep, happy once more. The garage men have compromised on Henry's case and have agreed to clean the spark plugs and let it go at that. Henry will be ready at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning.

In the evening the Esteps drop in. They have brought the automobile guide, and the four of you spend a spirited two hours tracing the best route to Driftwood Gardens, where the beach is. At one time it seems doubtful that there is any such place at all. You get things straight at last and the Esteps go home early.

By 7:30 Sunday morning you have finished breakfast and are ready to start. You are both drowsy, not to say a bit peevish, having arisen an hour earlier than usual. You assemble your bundles, not forgetting the new duster, and await developments.

At 8:15 Estep telephones. The Sunday garage man only just got in, and Henry needs gas, water, and oil. Everything will be ready, though, in about 10 minutes, as soon as they finish pumping the rear left tire.

Twenty minutes later Henry's cheerful voice summons you to the street below. You carry the bundles, the Queen Consort bringing up in the rear with the bathing suits and a parasol. The dusters were donned 10 minutes ago.

## THE SWEATERS NEARLY MISS THE PARTY.

"Looks like a good day," observes Phil. It does. The sun is out, the sky is cloudless, and the temperature is about 83. You and the bundles embark and the party arranges itself—the Queen Consort in front with Phil; you and Mrs. Estep in the back, with little Elvira between you.

Prrr-rup! Rattle. Henry is off. Oh, stop! Wait just a minute, please. The Queen Consort has forgotten the sweaters, and you never can tell how cold it may get down at the beach. Will you just dash upstairs and get them?

You dash upstairs, without enthusiasm, and get them. Off again. You have to go pretty fast because Driftwood Gardens are a good distance off, and you're coming home to supper, and unless you hurry you won't have much time at the beach.

Nothing much happens during the journey, except that you discover, after going four miles out of your way, that your automobile guide is a 1913 edition, and obsolete. Little Elvira begins to suffer severely with lengthening of the legs, and demands numerous drinks of water. Which leads to the cheering discovery that you forgot the thermos bottle after all.

The beach is satisfying, though, when you get there—so satisfying, in fact, that after parking Henry you decide not to eat lunch in the pavilion, but in some cool, shady nook. Laden with the bundles you wallow through ankle-deep sand to a nook under the boardwalk. It is shady, and it is cool. It is also generously dotted with deceased tin cans and broken bottles. You move on. After a

quarter mile of moving on you decide that one place is as good as another—just about.

Now for a swim. This passes off pleasantly, except that Phil brought only the top of his bathing suit and has to hire one at the bathhouse, and little Elvira is stung by a jelly fish. The Queen Consort is inclined to be pessimistic, as her bathing cap came off and she will have to spend most of the afternoon drying her hair.

Lunch. This is the real event of the day. You spread the dusters and lap-ropes on the sand and spread the food out on them. There seems to be a lot of it. Somehow your appetite is not what it was ten minutes ago. There are cheese and green pepper sandwiches, ham sandwiches, bread and butter sandwiches, peanut butter sandwiches, more peanut butter sandwiches, soda biscuit, ginger snaps, a can of sardines, no can opener, hard boiled eggs, deviled eggs, bananas, pick-

peared until after they were entirely consumed. The pickles prove obdurate. Mrs. Estep's hatpin impales them, but doesn't cause them to budge an inch. The Queen Consort contributes a bent hairpin, which you drop into the bottle at a critical moment. Finally, goaded beyond endurance, you dump them out into the palm of your hand and pass them around that way.

You eat, and eat, and eat, and eat, and eat. There is still an immense pile of bread and butter sandwiches left, three bananas, the can of sardines, the soda biscuit and the milk chocolate.

"Do eat some more," urges the Queen Consort. "We don't want to waste it, and it's such a nuisance to carry back." Little Elvira rallies bravely, but the rest of you can do no more. You know when you are beaten.

Meanwhile you have not lacked entertainment. There is a variety of bright green fly



SOMEHOW YOUR APPETITE IS NOT WHAT IT WAS TEN MINUTES AGO.

led onions, plums, pickles, sponge cake, and milk chocolate.

There is also the bottle of lemon juice and sugar, but no water. The Esteps forgot their thermos bottle, too. Phil goes foraging and finally returns with two siphons of seltzer. Nobody thought to bring glasses, but you have a collapsible drinking cup. This you pass around. Little Elvira holds it by the bottom and it promptly justifies its name.

Somehow there seems to be a certain lack of juiciness about the provender. The condition of one's throat after successive courses of peanut butter sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, ginger snaps, bananas, and sponge cake is simply amazing. The lemonade is doled out to you in too small quantities to do much good. The eggs would have tasted better if the salt and pepper, done up together in a twist of paper, had not mysteriously disap-

peared until after they were entirely consumed. It never attacks a human being, though, except when he is holding a collapsible drinking cup in one hand and a piece of sponge cake in the other. It then advances on both flanks, usually in mass formation. There are also sand fleas. These, of course, are nothing like dog fleas; dog fleas attack only dogs.

After luncheon you feel strangely languid. Little Elvira prowls around the beach and has a horrifying experience with a dead clam. The rest of you kill flies and wish you hadn't left your arms uncovered so long when you were in the water.

At 4 o'clock you all crack under the strain. With creaks and groans you get to your feet, throw away the bread and butter sandwiches, give the sardines and the remaining bananas

## JUDITH

By Richard Sexau

Translated From the German, with Introductory Comment, by William L. McPherson.

The story which follows—by Richard Sexau—deals with a situation that has had its place in literature ever since Judith won immortality by slaying Holofernes and got her crime celebrated for all time in one of the books of the Apocrypha. Charlotte Corday killed Marat and won applause for doing it, although Marat was her own countryman, a political demagogue, but not an armed enemy of France.

Patriotism when impulsive and ill-balanced often manifests itself in outrageous deeds. But there are many who will always see in these manifestations the influence of emotional obsession, rather than of criminal instinct. It does not detract from the merit of Herr Sexau's highly dramatic story that he lays considerably more stress on the savage treachery than on the perverted patriotism of his modern Judith.

A PATROL OFFICER, accompanied by three cavaliers, trots into a desolate, half-ruined village of French Lorraine. He is covered with dust. His whole body is limp with fatigue. Yet his look is resolute.

He dismounts from his horse where a white "T" on a square red flag shows the presence of a telephone station.

In a little shed, standing near the ruins of a burned farmhouse, some soldiers of a telegraph battalion are busy with the telephone instrument. The officer asks to be connected with general headquarters.

The corporal using the telephone shrugs his shoulders, meanwhile listening attentively at the receiver.

"I shall give you the connection as soon as possible. But first a good many orders from the central command must be transmitted. Transmission is temporarily interrupted. There is fierce fighting at the front."

"I will wait outside."

The artillery first lieutenant goes back toward the entrance to the court of the demolished farmhouse. In the middle of the

to a passing small boy, and turn Henry's nose homeward an hour ahead of time. It is well that you do so. Halfway home it begins to rain. You stop and put the curtains up. A mile farther on the rear left tire blows out. You stop and put on the spare one—you and Estep. It takes time and you get wet.

At 9:30 Henry finally deposits you at your front door. You bid the Esteps a monosyllabic farewell and crawl upstairs, spent and broken from your day of merrymaking.

There is another type of outing, the day in the country. This follows the beach type in general—minus the bathing—but differs in one important detail. There are no green flies or sand fleas. Instead there are black flies, wasps, bees, hornets, mosquitoes, leaf hoppers, beetles, red ants, black ants, and spiders. I prefer hanging to boiling in oil and I prefer beach picnics to land picnics.

I remember one day at the beach with real pleasure. To begin with, the machine broke down completely five minutes after we had started, so we had to make the journey by train. Then, in the excitement of starting over again, we forgot the provisions, and didn't discover the oversight until we were well on our way. The moment we arrived at the beach it began to rain violently and continued to do so all day. Consequently there was no bathing, no sunbath, and no jolly luncheon on the sand. We had a Lucullan shore dinner, at an outrageous price, at the hotel, and in the afternoon we sat before a log fire and read until it was time to catch the train back. It was the best outing I ever had.

little village square a spring bubbles up. That strikes him almost as a miracle. For every neighborhood in which he has been in the last few days the springs have all run dry. Before he takes a swallow himself he lets his horse drink.

One of the under-officers remarks: "It's a wild fight they're having at the front to-day."

The first lieutenant listens. He has become so accustomed to the thunder of the cannons, to their daily roar and rage, that he scarcely notices them any longer. But now infantry fire mixes with the booming of the artillery. Many thousand separate reports register almost simultaneously on the eardrum. And distinguishable in all the tumult is the screeching and scolding of the machine gun, now menacing its victims with isolated single shots, and now, with a noise like the caterwauling of some fantastic, gigantic cat, discharging cartridges at the rate of a hundred a minute.

"If we only get ahead!" There was almost a sigh in his words. He thinks of the uncounted sacrifices which make these victories possible.

A voice says in French: "Mr. Captain, wouldn't you like to have something to eat?" The first lieutenant looks around. A native has pushed forward. With almost slavish politeness he seems to want to ingratiate himself with the newcomer, whom he takes to be a person of some importance. He begins to complain about the way in which he has been mistreated both by the French and by the Germans. He hardly knows whether his own countrymen or the enemy have been the greater pest. Together they have robbed him of almost everything. Still, the little that is left he gladly puts at the officer's service. He pesters the lieutenant so long that the latter finally consents to take a light meal.

While the old Frenchman goes off to his inn there is a call in the telephone station.

"Who is it? Erion? At general headquarters? Good. In a minute."

The lieutenant hurries to the instrument. "This is Prehl, adjutant of Artillery Regiment No. 2. The regiment is stationed at Hill 15 of the General Staff map, east of Xures. Yes, major, it is well concealed against overhead observation. I am talking now from the telephone station of Xures."

Yes, please. Battle still undecided and very obstinate? You are in a station which is on fire? (He shakes his head in wonder at the coolness with which the major describes the situation and communicates his orders.) Yes. The regiment is to advance and stand ready at the western entrance. I am to remain here for further orders."

The message is quickly written on a pad, the sheet torn off and folded, and then put in an envelope. One of the under-officers takes it, rides at a sharp trot up the village street and vanishes at the junction of the crossroads.

The greasy-looking Frenchman reappears. Rubbing his hands, he squints at Prehl and announces that the meal is ready.

There is a surprise for the lieutenant when he enters the inn. A table covered with a clean cloth, ham and eggs and a sealed bottle of bright red wine. How long since such a pleasurable vision had greeted his eyes!

"That certainly pleases me," he says to himself.

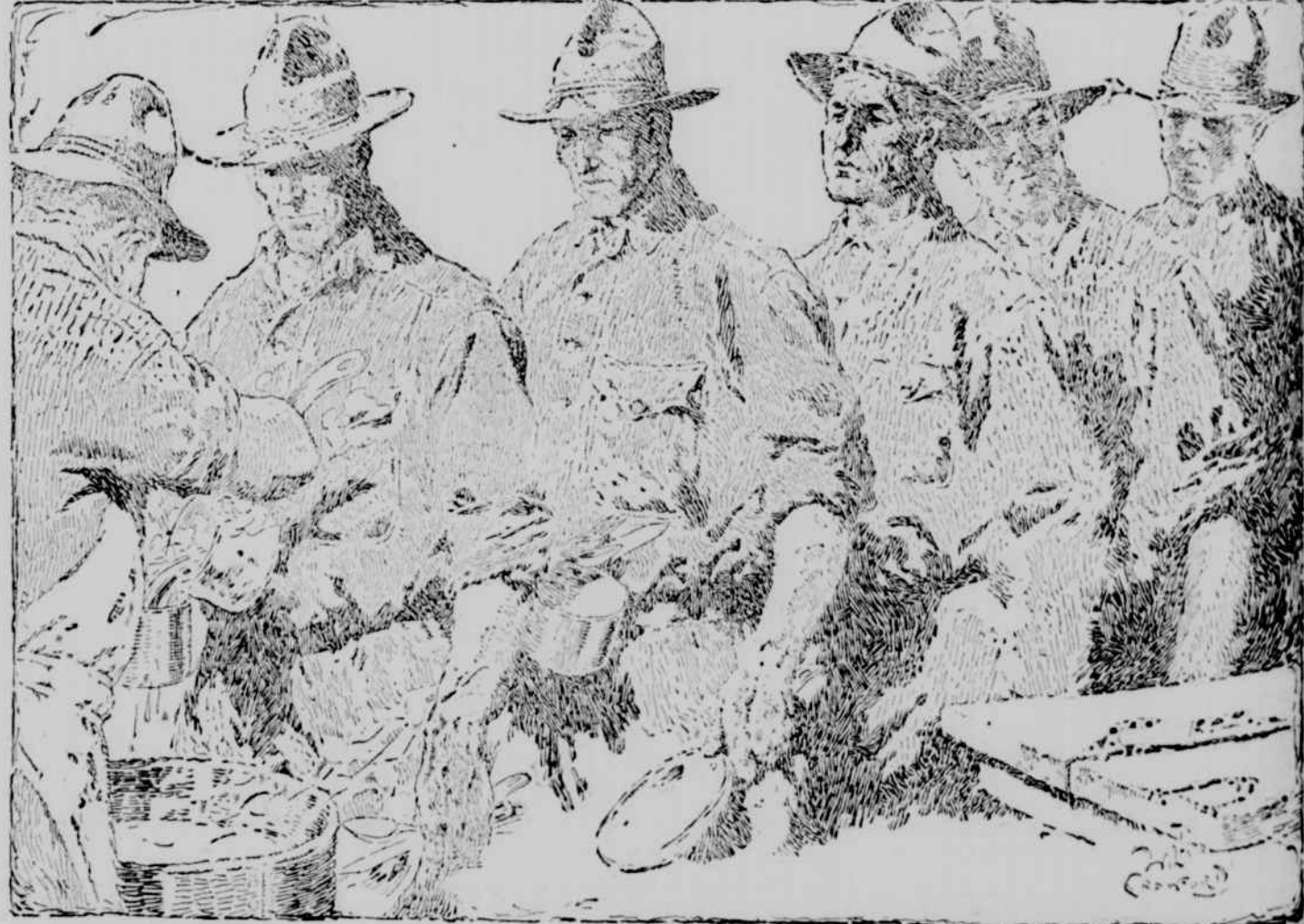
He doesn't delay long over such appetizing fare. White bread had seldom tasted so good to him. In the long run hardtack is anything but a food for the gods.

Meanwhile the host renews his complaints. He never stops talking. This war! This

## A LITTLE STUDY IN COMPARATIVE VALUES



Ten thousand a year is none too much for the chef who cooks for these.



But eighteen a month is plenty, and big money, for the chap who cooks for these.